

User Death Imminent

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Summary: What if each time you died in Half-Life, it stemmed into an alternate, failed timeline? Oneshot/Deathfic. Episode Two-centric. Implied Gordon/Alyx.

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Life.

Life is such a fragile existence, as is a relationship with someone. As you grow attached to someone, you begin to think that you'll never lose them; that they'll always be by your side during any time of adversity. Life, friendship, even loveâ€¦ These are all so wonderful, so precious and delicate until shattered.

Alyx had been so grateful for everything Gordon had done, everything he had given to her. As she had saved his life, he saved hers multiple times in return. Actually, to describe her sentiment as '_grateful'_ would have been a massive understatement. The bond that they shared had immensely grown, despite the short span of time that had passed since they met. Likewise, Alyx had never felt this sensually attracted to another human.

All of these feelings; strong, strong feelings. She couldn't seem to express all of them; every moment of respite that the two had received while together was almost instantaneously shattered by flocks of enemies hurdling towards them. To put it simply, there really wasn't enough time for Alyx to openly admit her feelings to Gordon. Only through the occasional compliments and praise did she give him a glimpse of these feelings.

It was times like these when the young woman would have so many things on her mind. So many thoughts, trying to cloud up the current situation at hand. The terrible acts that the Overwatch had committedâ€¦ Would they ever be corrected, even _if_ the war was to come to an eventual end? Everything that the Combine had done left a

massive impact on everything, and, in most cases, everyone. Could that ever be fixed?

Yet, even though Alyx's mind was filled with all of these terrible thoughts, wellâ€¦ They always seemed to dull and eventually fade away when she was with Gordon. Something about him just gave her comfort, even if he was a confused, traumatized, somewhat awkward scientist. He clearly had more good in his heart than bad.

Gordon's life alone played such an invaluable role in her life. To see him so vulnerable now, wellâ€¦ It was unbearable.

The two leaders of the Resistance had been making their way through White Forest when it all happened. Both were shockingly ambushed by Hunters as they attempted to reconnect electricity within one of the abandoned buildings. Yes, they were going to repair the radio transmitter. This was the area where she and Gordon had their second encounter with Combine Hunters. Hunters. Those damned creatures were the same ones that had nearly taken her life. Back in the old town the two had passed through, yes, Alyx could remember this quite clearly. It was bitter memories like these that gave her an immense loathing of the miniature monstrosities. She had so much contempt for these creatures. Boy, was she glad to help take them out when they had burst from the rooftops, flinging flechettes all over.

How relieved Alyx had been when her and Gordon presumed all of the Hunters deceased. Together they had taken out twoâ€”perhaps even three or more of the repulsive Synthetic beasts. Clearly, it was a considerable victory among the two; at least, that was how it had felt to her.

Feeling triumphant, she had sheathed her semi-automatic pistol and walked alongside with Gordon. What a terrible, regretful action they had both made when they let themselves be so easily caught off guard. In retrospect, the very overconfidence that had overcome them was quite wrong.

"We should get our warning out and keep moving," Alyx spoke in a strict, yet concerned voice, "that was probably a scouting party."

Upon hearing Alyx's suggestions, Gordon wordlessly gave a nod of his head in agreement.

The events that followed were so unbearably unpredictable.

A blinding blur of iridescent carapace flashed before her eyes. Everything happened so sudden, so fastâ€¦ She had not a second to warn him of the oncoming danger.

"_**GORDONâ€¦! ! **_

Alyx's desperate calls were simultaneous with the horrific evens that took place. What had so suddenly broken the tranquilityâ€”It absconded just as rapidly as it had entered the scene, tripod-like legs galloping away at an alarming pace. A howl was emitted from the creature as it completed its task, leaving what was left of Gordon on the gravely, dry ground.

Rushing over to Gordon almost immediately after it had happened, she

grasped onto the injured man, pulling him closer to her level as she knelt to the ground in utter shock and disbelief.

"_Noâ€|" _

No, no, no, no, no. This wasn't happening. No. It couldn't be. It was impossible, after everything that they had been through togetherâ€| There was no way in hell it was all going to end like this. It couldn't. It just couldn't.

Multiple stab wounds, all unevenly scattered across his chest, deeply penetrating through his H.E.V armor. A deep, fresh crimson hue was spattered across the metal chestplate that he was wearing as blood seeped from the open lacerations.

Garbled, unintelligible sounds could be heard inside of his hazard suit, warnings that had been voiced far too late. Not a single automatic response from the armor could have warned him about what had happened.

"_Gordon! No, no, noâ€|" Her whole body was shaking uncontrollably.
"Oh my god, noâ€|" You can't do this. You can't die on me."

Every single thing that had happened in the past few daysâ€"in the past few weeks, evenâ€"it was all going to amount to nothing, wasn't it? All of the hard work, wasted. All of the lives saved, soon to be wasted. Even containing the core of the Citadel and its eventual destruction, that was all wasted effort. Every single triumph had gone to complete, indubitable waste, and nothing could be done about it.

Warm tears were now fluidly streaming from the woman's eyes as she began to speak again, her voice faltering, "We're so close to defeating the Combine. We'reâ€| We're so close to getting to White Forest, remember?"

As it was, she was having trouble piecing together logical thoughts, putting together the appropriate words. She hardly even knew what she was saying, either; only words were coming out as her mind went blank from the trauma. What had happened was just so unexpected; there was no words to describe how unbelievably dreadful Alyx was feeling.

"Weâ€| We've been through so much already. I'm not ready for this, Gordon. Why did it have to be now, of all timesâ€|" her sentence trailed off as she inhaled sharply, trying to keep herself emotionally intact.

Struggling, Gordon feebly managed to place a hand onto Alyx's forearm in an attempt to hold onto her as well. The lively glint that was once in his emerald eyes had long vanished as his life depleted.

Alyx shook her head in grief, speaking again, _"Gordon, I never got to tell you, Iâ€|" _

Vance hesitated, yet again, unable to process her thoughts; unable to convey these thoughts into spoken words.

Freeman too was making every effort to survive, however, he had been

extremely weakened by the Hunter's penetrating limbs. Blood had now spread openly throughout the creases of his H.E.V armor, painting his injured suit a rusty scarlet. In spite of this, Freeman attempted a fatigued smile.

Gordon opened his mouth as if he was prepared to speak; however, not a single word escaped. As one last breath was exhaled, doctor Freeman grew heavy in Alyx's arms.

Gordon Freeman, the one who Alyx held so dearly, had departed.

The one Free Man has fallen.

End
file.